



NICK CARTER WEEKLY

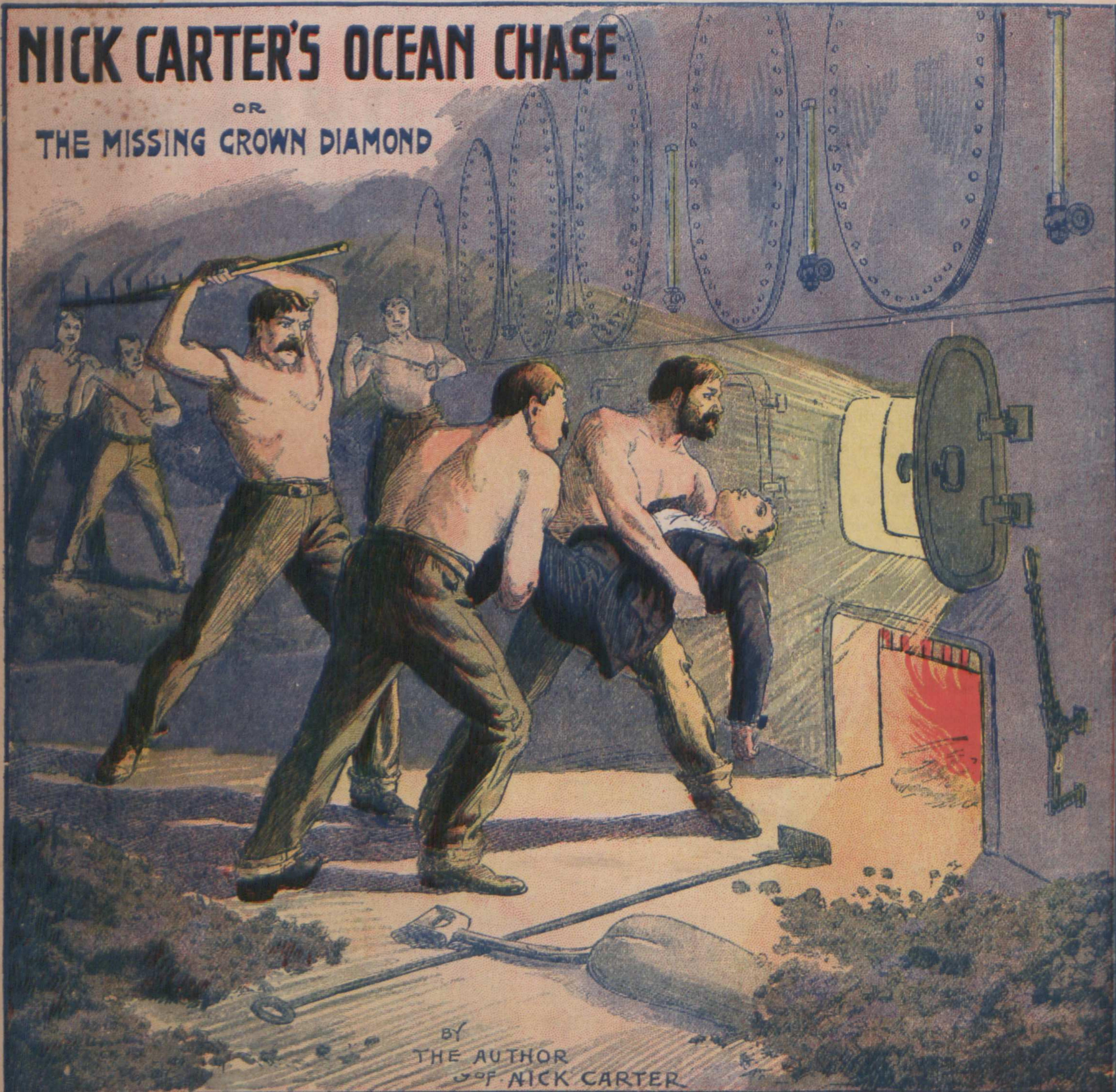
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No. 267.

Price, Five Cents.

NICK CARTER'S OCEAN CHASE

OR
THE MISSING CROWN DIAMOND



BY
THE AUTHOR
OF NICK CARTER

JUST AS THE STOKERS WERE SWINGING PATSY INTO THE FURNACE ONE OF THEM DROPPED LIKE A LOG.



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NICK CARTER'S OCEAN CHASE;

OR,

The Missing Crown Diamond.

By the author of "NICHOLAS CARTER."

CHAPTER I.

THE CROWN DIAMOND.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Nick Carter.

A servant entered and handed two cards to the great detective. One was finely engraved and almost covered with words, as follows:

Baron Vladimir Rubelik,
Consul General for Roumelia to the
United States of America.
No. 4 Bowling Green, New York City.

The other card had nothing more than a name on it:

Jan Pallog.

"Did they state their business?" asked Nick.

"No, sir," replied the servant. "The gentleman

with the long name didn't seem to think that it was necessary."

"Well," remarked the detective, "it isn't. The baron is a man of great importance. I will be down at once—or, wait!"

He looked around the room. It was his library, a place where he did not often take his visitors.

"You may show them in here," he added.

The servant withdrew, and returned a moment later to open the door for two men of striking appearance.

They were very unlike. Baron Rubelik was tall and slim, but straight as an arrow. He had bushy, snow-white hair, and a snow-white mustache and beard. In manner he was quiet and polite, and he spoke English like a native.

His companion, Jan Pallog, looked, to begin with, as if he might be half as old.

He was a little above the medium height, but he looked shorter because of his unusually broad shoulders and stocky frame.

His naturally dark complexion evidently had been roughened and made darker yet by exposure to the weather.

Pallog's eyes were black and restless, and he seemed to dislike sitting still. When he spoke he used English words correctly, but with a strong foreign accent.

Nick shook hands with both, and asked them to be seated.

"It may seem strange, Mr. Carter," said the baron, "that I should come to you for assistance when I have the secret service of my country at my command, but the matter that brings us here is so very important that I would rather not trust it to anybody less skillful than you are."

"Thank you for the compliment, baron," responded Nick. "I can understand that the loss of the crown diamond would disturb you a great deal."

Pallog started violently, turning half-around in his chair to stare at the detective.

The baron was motionless, but his eyes opened wide.

"The crown diamond!" he repeated, in a tone of the deepest surprise.

"Yes," said Nick, quietly; "it has disappeared, and you want to recover it."

The baron and Pallog exchanged glances of astonishment.

"Are you a wizard?" demanded Pallog, abruptly.

"No," replied Nick, "I am a detective."

"But how did you know that the crown diamond had disappeared? How did you know that there was a crown diamond?"

It was Pallog who spoke.

"One question at a time, please," said Nick, smiling. "It is my business, gentlemen, to know a good many things that I don't say anything about. When

the right time comes I use my information. I deal with men who commit crimes, but such men are not always professional criminals."

"Mr. Carter," said the baron, eagerly, "you have stated the business which brought us here as accurately as I could have stated it myself. I beg you to give us the whole of your information at once. Do you know what has become of the crown diamond?"

"I do not."

The baron looked disappointed, and Pallog moved restlessly in his chair.

"I wish you'd tell us how much you do know, then," muttered Pallog.

"Willingly," said Nick. "To begin with your second question, I have friends in every business in the city. They know the sort of things I like to know about. One of them told me two days ago about a diamond of wonderful value that had been shown to him. His opinion had been asked as to its value."

"We showed the diamond under pledge of secrecy," exclaimed Pallog, excitedly.

"No harm was done or could be done by giving the secret to me," remarked Nick.

"That is true," said the baron. "Were you told where the diamond came from?"

"No. I know that it is a new stone, and that it is intended for the crown of the Queen of Roumelia. Its value is very great, and I, as a detective, saw at once that it was a great temptation to crime. So, when I received your cards, I inferred that the diamond had been lost, or stolen, and that you had come to get me to recover it for you."

"Can you do it?" asked Pallog, quickly.

"I don't know. I can try, perhaps."

"Why do you say perhaps?" asked the baron.

"Because the work may take a great deal of time, and I am a busy man."

"Mr. Carter," said the baron, slowly, "we must have your assistance. It doesn't matter how much time it may take, or how much money it may cost; that stone must be recovered. You speak of it as a

temptation to crime, and you speak well. Why, sir, that stone—you might almost say of it that it would buy an ordinary kingdom. There is no diamond in the world like it. You may go to any expense you please to get it. The kingdom of Roumelia will pay the bill."

"Very well," responded Nick; "let me know all the facts about the stone, and I will tell you promptly whether I can undertake the case."

"It came from Borneo," began Pallog.

"Pardon me," interrupted the baron; "it isn't likely that Mr. Carter will be interested in the history of the stone before it came to New York."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Nick. "Every fact counts. Tell me briefly about the Borneo end of it."

"Well, Mr. Pallog is a countryman of mine, and a great traveler. Two or three years ago he came back from a journey around the world, and told of a diamond that he had seen in Borneo that seemed to him more valuable than any other stone of the kind known to exist. It was in the possession of a king of a savage tribe in the very heart of the island."

"The government of Roumelia decided to get that stone if the savage king would sell it, and Mr. Pallog was sent to Borneo to buy it."

"And he succeeded," remarked Nick, as the baron paused.

"Well," said Pallog, with a dry smile, "I got the stone."

"He has told me all about it," continued the baron. "He did not have an easy time of it, for the savages thought a great deal of the stone. They believed it had wonderful powers, and, on my word, I don't know but they were right."

"What kind of powers?" asked Nick.

"I'll tell you," Pallog broke in. "It made them fight. Show that stone to a savage and he would fight like a tiger. Whenever the tribe had a war the king used to set that diamond on a kind of altar in the middle of a big field, and then march his whole army around it so that every man jack of them could

get a look at it. After that they would fight anything."

"I shouldn't have thought they would like to part with the diamond."

"They didn't. It was easy enough to buy it of the king, but his generals and others got on to the deal, and they made the hottest kind of a time for me trying to get it back. I believe they killed the king before they got through, and they nearly did for me more than once."

"There is no need to say that Mr. Pallog escaped," said the baron, "for here he is. He intended to return to Roumelia by taking a steamer from Hong Kong for London, where he meant to have the diamond cut, but his vessel was wrecked among the Philippine Islands, and, after many adventures, he at last got to Manila. From there he came to San Francisco and so to this city."

"He reported to me, of course, and showed me the diamond. I thought that we might get the stone cut in New York, and so we showed it to several jewelers."

"They astonished us when they told us how valuable it was. We knew that it was worth a great deal, but we had no idea how much until they mentioned figures that you would hardly believe."

"I heard the figures," said Nick, "and yet I understand that the stone was not very large."

"No, there are larger diamonds in the world, but none as valuable as this. You see, the savages had cut it in their own way, so that it shines wonderfully now. It will need only a little more cutting to make it ready for the queen's crown."

"When we get it," grumbled Pallog.

"Yes," added the baron, nervously, "when we get it. What do you think, Mr. Carter?"

"Why," said Nick, "I haven't begun to think yet, for I don't know how the diamond was lost, but I can say right off that I believe the stone is still in existence."

"Of course!" exclaimed Pallog.

"And therefore," said the baron, "it seems to me that it ought to be found."

"When did you last see it?" asked Nick.

"In Mr. Pallog's hands, yesterday."

"What time of day?"

"About four o'clock."

"Where were you?"

"In a store on Maiden Lane."

"Which one?"

"It was in Baldwin's, wasn't it, Pallog?"

"Yes," said Pallog, "that was the last place we visited."

"Did you two separate then?"

"Not at once."

"Tell me just what you did."

"We walked down Broadway to Bowling Green. I went into my office and Mr. Pallog went to buy a steamship ticket."

"For Europe?"

"Yes. We had decided that we could do better by having the stone cut in London, or Amsterdam, and, as there was no reason for delay, Mr. Pallog secured his stateroom."

"By what line?"

"The White Star."

"Were you with him when he bought his ticket?"

"No."

"Then, Mr. Pallog," said Nick, "I will ask the rest of the questions of you, but I wish you'd both think back to the time when you were in Baldwin's, and say whether there was anybody else in the store."

"No one but Baldwin and his regular clerks," answered the baron.

"Baldwin is an importer of diamonds," said Nick, thoughtfully; "and he isn't the only one you visited. At other places——"

"Everywhere," interrupted the baron, "we showed the diamond only to the proprietor of the store, and we were always in his private room."

"Then you think that the stone wasn't seen by anybody at the stores who would be tempted to steal

"I am very sure of it, unless you mean to suspect such high-toned men as Mr. Baldwin."

"I don't."

"I shouldn't blame you if you did, Mr. Carter. That gem would be a terrible temptation to anybody."

"I know, but I am not suspecting anybody yet. I will now try to follow your movements, Mr. Pallog."

"All right," returned Pallog, quickly; "I bought my ticket and went straight back to my hotel."

"One moment, please. I suppose you had the diamond with you in the ticket office?"

"Of course."

"And you didn't show it there?"

"Not much!"

"Was anybody in the ticket office, or near it whom you had seen earlier in the day?"

Pallog thought for a moment.

"I think not," he answered.

"Very well; you went to your hotel. What one?"

"The Astor House."

"What time did you arrive?"

"Five o'clock."

"Just give me a short account of your movements from then to the time you discovered your loss."

"I wrote letters in my room for an hour or so. Then had dinner in the hotel. In the evening I went to the Herald Square Theatre, had supper at Shanley's and got back to my hotel again about half-past twelve."

"Was anybody with you during this time?"

"No, I have no acquaintances in town. The baron is my only friend here."

"I didn't know but that you might have fallen in with somebody at the hotel."

Pallog shook his head.

"I suppose you had the diamond with you all this time?"

"Oh, yes; I always carried it with me."

"Where?"

"In my belt."

He raised the edge of his vest to show a broad belt such as is worn by cowboys, travelers and men who rough it about the world.

"I suppose all you have now is the empty case?"

"That's all."

"Show it to me, please."

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAVELER'S TRICK BOX.

Pallog took a small box from his belt and handed it to the detective.

The cover was fastened with a spring, and Nick fumbled with it without being able to open it.

"I'll help you," said Pallog, smiling; "it's quite a trick. I invented it myself."

He reached over, pressed the box in a peculiar way, and the cover flew up.

"That was mighty useful to me on one occasion," said he. "The savages had caught me. There was no use trying to escape. If I had shown either fight or flight they'd have done for me on the spot. So I took the matter pleasantly, and asked them to share my ula nut. That's an article of food in Borneo that the savages think a great deal of. Asking them to share your ula nut is like inviting a civilized man to have a drink."

"Did they accept?"

"Not until they had searched me. You see, if they took the nut it would mean that they trusted me, but they didn't. They believed I had the old king's diamond.

"All right," says I, 'search me.'

"Of course, they found that box, and they tried their hardest to get it open.

"I told them I'd open it for them, and they passed me the box. Now, I had another box exactly like this. It was made for just such an occasion. I have practiced sleight-of-hand a little and it was easy enough to fool the savages by palming this box and bringing out the mate to it.

"The other box was full of fine-cut tobacco. They pawed it over a little, saw that the stone wasn't there, and then asked what the stuff was that was in it.

"I told them that in my country it was much the same as their ula nut, and I took a chew of it.

"At my invitation each one of them took a lit of the weed in his mouth."

Pallog stopped his story to laugh.

"I suppose they didn't like it as well as their ula nut," remarked Nick.

"I should say not!" chuckled the traveler. "They are very polite fellows in their way, and it was awfully funny to see them trying to keep their faces straight. They didn't want to show that they didn't like the stuff.

"Two of them swallowed the chew, and of course they were made sick by it.

"That scared the others, and they might have thought that I was trying to poison them, but, you see, there I was chewing away on the very same weed without suffering from it.

"So I explained how the stuff should be used, and told them that nobody ever liked it the first time, and offered the ula nut again to take the taste out.

"They were glad enough to accept then, and after that they left me, quite satisfied that I hadn't the diamond.

"Meantime, of course, the stone was in my pocket, safe in the box you now have in your hand."

"It's a good scheme," said Nick, looking thoughtfully at the open box. "If I undertake the case, will you let me keep this box for a little while?"

"Certainly. It's of no further use to me, I am sorry to say."

"But, Mr. Carter," said the baron, "I hope there is no doubt that you will take the case."

"It looks to me now as if I would, but I haven't heard the whole of Mr. Pallog's story. You say you got back to your hotel at half-past twelve?"

"Yes, and went to bed at once."

"What did you do with the diamond?"

"I put it, as usual, under my pillow with my revolver."

"Were you disturbed during the night?"

"There you have me. I don't know, but I suppose I was."

"Are you a heavy sleeper?"

"I think not. I go to sleep easily, but I have always supposed that the slightest noise awoke me."

"I take it for granted that when you did wake up the stone was gone."

"Exactly, and that's all I know about it."

"Were you wholly unconscious from the time you lay down till you waked this morning?"

"No, I can't say I was. I had a troublesome dream, and I thought in my dream that I was awake, but, of course, I wasn't."

"What sort of a dream was it?"

"I thought I was back in Borneo, and that a pack of savages was after me. I was running away like a good one when, you know how absurdly the mind acts in sleep, I was suddenly in my room at the Astor House."

"But the savages were still with me, or some of them, and I thought I waked up, got out of bed and chased them from the room. After which I thought I felt of my box, found that it was all right and lay down again."

"When you awoke what was the first thing you did?"

"Felt for the box."

"Did you open it?"

"Not at once."

"Then when did you discover your loss?"

"After I had finished dressing. Then, as usual before starting out for the day, I opened the box to be sure that the stone was all right."

"Perhaps you can imagine how I felt and what I did. The box was as you see it now. I'm not the kind of man to faint away, but I believe a baby could have knocked me down."

"Did you notify the hotel office?"

"No; what would be the use? The hotel people could do nothing of importance. I believed that it was a case for a detective. So I went down to Bowling Green to report the facts to Baron Rubenik."

"What about the condition of your room? The door and the windows, and so forth?"

"Nothing seemed to have been disturbed."

"What about the air? No peculiar smell?"

Pallog's eyes sparkled, and he moved restlessly in his chair.

"I wish that question had occurred to me the instant I waked up!" he cried. "It didn't, and I didn't notice anything until I found that the box was empty. The first thing I thought of then was that I had been drugged, and I thought I could smell something strange, but that may have been imagination, you know."

"Yes. If ether was used the smell would disappear in a few hours if you had a window open for ventilation."

"I didn't, but the transom over the door was wide open."

"That would amount to the same thing, and it would also give a chance for a slim, wiry man to get in. I can imagine, for instance, that one of those tree-climbing savages of Borneo might get into a room through the transom."

Nick looked keenly at Pallog as he spoke.

The traveler's eyes sparkled again, and he slapped his knee hard.

"By Jove!" he cried, "but you catch on to my thoughts exactly, Mr. Detective! What if one of those savages had managed to track me to New York?"

"Has nothing else happened to give you that suspicion?"

"No, but that amounts to nothing. If a shrewd devil of a savage was tracking me he wouldn't be such a fool as to show himself, would he?"

"I suppose not, but by accident he might do so."

Pallog shook his head.

"I've seen plenty of black men," he said, "since I got away from Borneo. They were thick in Manila, there were two or three on the ship with me, and, of course, I see them every day here, but I have seen nobody from Borneo."

"You would know a Borneo native if you saw him?"

"Sure!"

"As you say, it isn't likely that you would have seen a savage who was pursuing you. It often happens that the savage blacks are wonderfully shrewd."

Nick was holding the empty box in his hand all the time, and looking thoughtfully at it.

"All this discourages me very much," sighed the baron. "If a Borneo savage has got that stone, he is now far on his way back to his island."

"Yes," Nick admitted, "but it's a long way to Borneo, and such a savage could be overtaken."

"Will you try for it, Mr. Carter?"

"Gentlemen," Nick answered, "you have brought me a very hard problem."

"But," said the baron, "I have understood that you took the greatest pleasure in hard problems."

"That is true, but I do not care to attempt the impossible. I don't want to take a case in which there is no chance of success. That wouldn't be good business."

"You may name your own figure for the work, which the Government of Roumelia will pay whether you succeed or not. If you should succeed, the government will double that figure, at least."

"That's a generous offer, baron, but I shall not accept it until I feel pretty certain that I can succeed. I must first make a little investigation. I want to look around the Astor House, you know."

"Certainly."

"Then I will let you know."

"Very well. You won't delay the matter——"

"Of course not."

Nick turned to Pallog.

"What about your journey?" he asked. "Do you intend to sail, or will you wait?"

"That depends on you," replied the traveler.

"Would you prefer to go?"

"Yes, unless I can be of some use here."

"When does your boat leave?"

"To-morrow at noon."

"H'm. That gives me rather short time. I suppose you'd like to have the diamond found in time to take it with you."

"Indeed I would; but if I can't be of any use in hunting for it I might as well sail to-morrow, as I have other business to attend to in Europe. I'll do just as you say, Mr. Carter. If you should find the diamond after I have gone, all you would need to do would be to turn it over to the baron as the representative of the Roumelian Government."

"I see. You are really only the carrier of the stone."

"That's about it. If I had given the diamond to Baron Rubelik as soon as I got to New York I would have had nothing more to do with it, but we both thought that I might as well keep charge of it until it was delivered to my queen's officers at home."

"Very well, Mr. Pallog, so far as I am concerned, I see no reason why you should stay in this country, but I will leave that for you and Baron Rubelik to decide. Just give me an accurate description of the diamond and meet me at the Astor House in an hour. That, I think, will be all I shall need of you, and, after that I will notify the baron whether I mean to go on with the case or not."

Pallog drew his chair up to the library-table.

"Can I have a piece of paper?" he asked.

Nick gave him a sheet and the traveler spent some minutes in drawing a picture of the missing stone.

It was a good piece of drawing.

"There," said he, when he had finished, "that's better than any description in words. The light is wonderfully brilliant, and as you turn the stone about, it often has a deep blue color, but you can't hold it so that the blue will stay, and you can't always find the blue. It seems to depend on just how the light strikes it, but that changing blue is one of the most valuable points in the gem."

"This is correct as to size, I suppose," said Nick.

"Yes, I know the stone too well to make any mistake."

"All right, I'll meet you at the hotel in an hour from now."

CHAPTER III.

A SURPRISE FOR THE BARON.

Nick cautioned his visitors to say nothing about the matter to anybody, and they left him, promising to keep quiet.

After they had gone, he sat for some minutes looking at Pallog's empty box.

At the time appointed he met Pallog in the Astor House.

They went to Pallog's room, but Nick did not stay there long.

He examined the door on both sides under the transom to see if there were any marks to show that a man had climbed up and into the room in that way.

There were no marks on the door, and the edge of the transom was covered slightly with dust.

Using a microscope, Nick saw that the dust had not been disturbed.

Pallog himself had pulled the bed to pieces and searched the room.

"It was hardly worth while to do so," he said, "but I felt better satisfied to make sure that in my sleep I hadn't put the stone in some new hiding-place."

Nick nodded.

"I can't help thinking," added Pallog, "that there's a good deal in that black-man theory of yours."

"Anything happened to make it seem correct?"

"Yes and no. When I got back to the hotel after calling on you with the baron, the clerk told me that a colored man had been here to ask for me."

"Indeed!"

"Seems odd, doesn't it? I know no colored men except savages; that is, none in this part of the world."

"What did this man tell the clerk?"

"Nothing. He asked if I was stopping here. The clerk said that I was, and then another man asked the clerk something so that his attention was taken for a moment."

"When he turned to ask the black man if he would send up his name or card, the black man wasn't there."

"Singular!"

"Decidedly. Now, if that happened while I was at the theatre last evening, I should feel certain that a man from Borneo had tracked me here and then had called on me after hours. But why should the fellow call hours after the crime was committed?"

"Isn't it reasonable to suppose," queried Nick, in return, "that the savages would send more than one man after you? They might not work together, but, following different lines, they might happen to come together——"

"By jove!" cried Pallog, his eyes brightening, "what a head you have! I hadn't thought of that. Of course, the fellow who got the stone hasn't had time to get word of his success to the other fellow, and the latter, like as not, may try to get the stone from me to-night."

"Better watch out for him, then."

"I will. I was thinking of going aboard the steamer to-night, but now I'll stay here. If we should catch one it might make it easier to catch the other, eh?"

"It might. Meantime I've got to hunt for a black man in the city. It's rather worse than looking for a needle in a haystack, but I've got to try for it. You'd feel a good deal better, I suppose, if I should hand you that diamond before midnight."

"You bet I would!"

"Then I must be hustling."

"How will you make the search?"

"Oh! visit the foreign quarters, make inquiries of steamship agents about passengers who have come to New York lately, and so on. There's no telling, you know, where a clew may turn up."

"That's so. I admire your patience. Good luck to you."

"Thanks."

Nick left the hotel, but he did not visit the foreign quarters of the city. He did go to certain steamship offices, but it was not to ask questions about black men.

Baron Rubelik, meantime, waited nervously in his office for some word from the detective.

More than half the day had passed, and none came.

Pallog had called and told of the conversation at the hotel, giving it as his opinion that the detective was scouring the town for trace of the man from Borneo.

The baron had become convinced that such a man was the thief, and he hoped with every minute that passed that Nick Carter would call to say that the man had been located.

Late in the afternoon a clerk in the office told the baron that a stranger wished to see him.

"Is his name——" began the baron, and then stopped, for he thought it might be better not to mention Carter's name even in his own office.

"Show him in," he added.

The baron's face fell when the stranger entered, for the face was one that he had never seen before.

"Is this the Baron Rubelik?" asked the stranger, speaking in German.

"It is," replied the baron, in the same language, "what can I do for you?"

The other did not answer at once. He took a chair beside the baron's desk and looked cautiously around the room.

Then he whispered:

"I have come to talk about the crown diamond."

Baron Rubelik started.

His breath seemed to be taken away from him.

"The one that disappeared," added the stranger.

Then the baron asked the questions that Pallog had asked of Nick Carter some hours before:

"How did you know the crown diamond had disappeared? How did you know there was a crown diamond?"

The stranger waved his hand impatiently, as if to brush such questions aside.

"I know where it is," he said.

The sweat gathered on the baron's brow, and he shook in his chair.

"You know where it is?" he gasped.

"I do."

"Then, in Heaven's name, man, produce it!"

"Ah! that's another matter."

"Why is it? What are you waiting for? Do you want a reward? Name your price, man!"

"Do you think you have a right to the diamond?"

The stranger asked this question calmly, but his eyes were fixed on the baron's searchingly.

"Right!" repeated the baron; "of course! We bought the stone. But who are you? Don't ask me more questions, but come to the point. This mystery will madden me."

"Very well; don't speak aloud now."

The stranger brought his hands quickly to his face, the beard he wore disappeared, and Baron Rubelik recognized Nick Carter.

He seemed even more startled than before.

"Mr. ——" he began, and checked himself, shutting his teeth hard together.

"That's right," said Nick; "mention no name. You

are the right kind of a client. I can work for you now with a good deal of pleasure."

"But, tell me, is it true that you have found the diamond?"

"I did not say so."

"You said you knew where it was."

"That's quite another matter."

"Yes, but if you know where it is, why not go and get it at once?"

"Baron," said Nick, gravely, "I cannot tell you why. If I succeed in getting the stone, and I expect to, I will then tell you all my reasons——"

"And this mystery?"

"Oh, as to that, you can see that a detective must have good reasons for disguising himself. I usually do my work that way, but I'll explain it all when the work is finished."

"Well?"

"I am here to say that I will undertake the case."

"I should say that you had undertaken it already."

"Yes, perhaps, but the work is only just begun. You must now trust me absolutely."

"I do. There is no question about that."

"Very well; you are not likely to see me or hear from me again for a long time."

"Why, knowing where it is, can't you get the stone to-day or to-night?"

"Possibly, but it is most unlikely."

"Well, you know best."

"I certainly do, baron."

"You really think that you will be able to recover the stone?"

"I certainly do."

Baron Rubelik drew a long breath.

"Pallog will be greatly relieved," he said.

"Pallog must know nothing!" exclaimed Nick, sharply.

"Why! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Mr. Pallog is going to Europe, isn't he?"

"He hasn't decided yet. He was in here this afternoon, hoping to get some word from you that would enable him to make up his mind."

"I left that with you to settle."

"Then you think he might as well go?"

"Just as well as not."

"But what shall I tell him?"

"Nothing."

The baron looked troubled.

"He would feel so much better," he urged, "if he knew that you had a good clew. Perhaps you don't realize how terribly this matter has affected him. He's a cool sort of man, and doesn't show his feelings much to strangers, but to me he has seemed almost crazy with disappointment."

"Oh, well," said Nick, "I wouldn't want the man to suffer. If you see him again——"

"I expect to this evening."

"Then you can tell him that Mr. Carter has taken the case, and that he got track of the man he was looking for."

"The black man?"

"Let Pallog think so. I would much rather have all this between you and me, baron, but on account of Mr. Pallog's feelings you may tell him that much."

"And no more?"

"Not a word. Do not say that I called. Let it be understood that a German messenger came with the word from the detective. Do not let him know that I have found where the stone is. There are good reasons for all this, and I trust you to obey my wishes absolutely."

"You can depend upon me."

"I believe so. Now, there is one thing more. My work will probably take me to some foreign country. I want you to give me a paper that will show my connection with the case. It should be a kind of letter of introduction to any officer of the Roumelian Government."

"Certainly."

The baron turned to his desk and wrote a note, upon which he stuck the seal of his government.

"Will that do?" he asked.

"Exactly," replied Nick, "but I need another just like it."

"In case one should get lost. Very well."

The baron wrote again.

"Now," said Nick, with a smile, "one more of the same, please, and I will leave you."

"What! a third note of introduction?"

"If you please."

Again the baron wrote, and Nick pocketed all the papers.

Then he disguised his face as it had been when he entered.

"Good-by," he said. "Remember to be very reserved in talking with Mr. Pallog. I am sorry for

him, but it will be better that he should not know any more about this than he does now."

The puzzled baron assured Nick that he would be careful, and the detective went away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DETECTIVES DRAW LOTS.

As Nick left the building, Pallog walked in, but the traveler did not recognize the detective.

Nick went home, and without delay called Chick and Patsy to the library.

They did not know until then what it was that had been keeping him busy during the day.

He told them about the call of Baron Rubelik and Jan Pallog, and about his visit to the Astor House.

"Now, then," said he, "this is a case for all of us, as I shall show you in a minute, and I think it is the most peculiar case we ever handled. It is peculiar because, while something of immense value has undoubtedly been stolen, we can't make any arrest."

"I should like to know why not?" cried Patsy.

"Wait a second, my boy. You'll see when you've thought a bit. The first question is, who's got that diamond?"

"Pallog!" guessed Chick and Patsy together.

"Right! I suspected the man from very early in the conversation in this room, and I was careful to lead him on, while he thought he was leading me, to admissions or remarks that seemed to back up my theory.

"He was tempted when he discovered, by showing the stone to New York jewelers, how valuable it is. Then he planned to rob himself. He might have done that a little better. For instance, if he had brushed the dust from his transom I might have thought that perhaps somebody did get into his room. He forgot that, but, on the whole, he has done very well, and he has deceived Baron Rubelik completely."

"It strikes me," said Chick, "that the baron himself might be in the deal."

"The same thing struck me, of course," responded Nick, "and I put it to the test. I called on the baron in disguise, and startled him by saying that I knew where the stone was. His action then showed that he is honest. He wants nothing more than to have the stone recovered."

"What evidence did Pallog give against himself while he was here?" asked Chick.

"Well, I sized him up for a man who didn't care much about right or wrong from his account of the way he dealt with the savages. Then there was this box. That seemed to show that he was a trickster. I could have opened it the first time trying, but I let him believe I couldn't so as to hear him talk. Then, the way he jumped at the black-man theory, his anxiety to see me go chasing around after a black man, and all that. I was pretty well satisfied that he was guilty, and I got the proof when I went downtown.

"Pallog has booked his passage to Europe by three different steamers, all of which sail at noon tomorrow."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Patsy.

"He has used his right name only on the White Star Line, but he has paid for tickets on the American and the Cunard lines, too. It took some pretty careful questioning to get at that fact, but I got it, and now the question is, which line will he sail by? He won't stay in New York, for, as the diamond has been shown here, it will be impossible for him to dispose of it. In London, or Amsterdam, he could do so easily."

"Can't you shadow him from the Astor House," asked Chick, "to whichever of these steamers he decides to go on?"

"There's a better way," answered Nick. "A man who is masking his movements so carefully as to buy tickets over three lines might give any shadow the slip. It will be better to meet him on board after the vessel has got far from port."

"Which vessel?" asked Patsy.

"It doesn't make any difference. There are three of us. I have secured a stateroom on each of the boats, and one of us, therefore, will be up against him. This is a big case."

"He'll be up against us, you mean."

"He's that already."

"Well, then," said Patsy, "which of us will take which boat?"

"That's quite a question," replied Nick, with a smile. "I suppose each one of us would like to be on the boat with him, but we can't tell anything about it. He's just as likely to go by one as by the other. We'd better draw lots for it."

"That's all right."

"But first let me show you why there can be no arrest."

"I see," said Chick.

"And I begin to," added Patsy.

"What's your reason, Chick?"

"Why, just this: If I should arrest Pallog and find the diamond on him or in his baggage, he would say that he was the representative of the Roumelian Government, that he had a right to it, and he was simply performing his duty in carrying it. There isn't a court in the world that wouldn't say he had the right of it."

"Exactly," said Nick. "He would beat us hands down. But if we don't deliver that diamond to the Roumelian Government nobody ever will."

"Say!" interrupted Patsy, "has the Roumelian Government any right to it?"

"I'm not sure," replied Nick, soberly. "Baron Rubelik says yes, for he believes that the stone was bought by Pallog in a fair and honorable deal. I think he stole it, or got it by fraud, but I don't see how we can argue such a matter."

"No," said Chick, "for Pallog has no right to it. The government employs us to get something that it bought. That's as far as we need to go."

"I think so," was Nick's response.

"Then," said Patsy, "this job is just this: Get that diamond. That's all, isn't it?"

"No. It must be handed to some officer of the Roumelian Government."

"Oh, cert, but it's a case of get the diamond first. If Pallog should get to London with it he would have to be shadowed to a jeweler's."

"Yes, and he could be exposed there, but he'll be a hard man to shadow. I hope the diamond can be found before he gets to the other side. You see," and Nick smiled queerly, "if he finds that the stone has been taken from him he can't say a word, for that would be the same thing as confessing that he robbed himself here in New York."

Patsy smiled queerly, too, and Nick then went on to give each of them a copy of the note of information that the baron had written.

All the notes were in the name of Nick Carter.

"Whatever happens," he said, "we'll meet in London unless there's a shipwreck, and we will go to the Tavistock Hotel. Let's draw lots now."

They did so.

Nick drew the American Line, Chick the White Star, and Patsy the Cunard.

"This means a week's vacation at sea for two of us," said Nick, with a laugh, "and a mighty good job for the other. By the way, I've fixed it so that each of us has a stateroom very near the one that Pallog has engaged. If he goes on my boat I shall be next door to him. If he's on your boat, Chick, he'll be across the gangway. On Patsy's boat he's two rooms down the gangway on the same side."

"Might about as well be on another ship," grumbled the young man.

Nick laughed again, and they went to their rooms to get ready for the voyage.

When they met at dinner Chick said:

"By the way, Nick, what about that black man who called at the Astor House and inquired for Pallog? Was he a fake?"

"No," replied Nick. "I asked the clerk about him. There was just such a man, and a very odd-looking fellow, too, from what the clerk said."

"A man from Borneo?"

"Possibly. I really thought for a half-second that that man complicated matters, but I don't now. He may have come from Borneo after that stone, but I shall let Pallog attend to him."

"What if the black man should try to-night to get into Pallog's room?"

"He'll get caught, that's all. Pallog will have him locked up, and then will take one of those boats for Europe. Nothing under heaven will prevent Pallog from sailing to-morrow. So I don't care what happens to the black man."

"Pallog bought tickets by three lines, of course, because he feared he might be suspected, and he wanted a chance to dodge pursuit. We'll let him do as he pleases, and to save ourselves trouble we will go aboard this evening."

Nick then gave each of his assistants a small box, made exactly like the box in which Pallog had carried the diamond.

He had had them made during the day.

"The box may be useful," he said, "to the one who is lucky enough to find the diamond. I hope Pallog really believes that I am chasing black men, and that he doesn't suspect that there is more than one Carter. I made him and the baron believe that I was in doubt whether I would take the case, but, in fact,

my mind was made up as soon as they called, for I knew that it would be an interesting problem."

The detectives then said good-by to each other, and each went to his boat.

It is hardly necessary to say that the name of Nick Carter did not appear on any passenger list.

Nick had bought tickets under the names Brown, Harris and Mallon, the last name being the one that Patsy had to assume.

Neither Chick nor Patsy had seen Pallog, and, though Nick had described him carefully, it was not supposed that the description would amount to much, for, if he did not travel under his own name, it was likely that he would disguise his appearance as much as possible.

The traveler's name on the Cunard Line was Brodski, and Patsy knew that it wouldn't be more than a day or two before he would know who Brodski was without asking questions—that is, if Pallog came aboard—for ocean travelers get acquainted very quickly and it is always easy to identify persons by getting their names from the printed list and then noticing where they sit at the dinner-table.

Patsy went aboard the *Umbria*, the Cunard steamship that sailed at that time, without an idea in his head as to what he should do except that he would study his man.

He didn't believe that it would be his luck to travel with Pallog, and he looked forward to spending most of his time during the coming week reading books in the ship library.

He loafed away the morning of the sailing day, smoking and reading the New York papers.

When it came near noon, and passengers were coming aboard in crowds, he took more interest in what was going on.

Of course he looked for Pallog, alias Brodski, among the passengers who had already come aboard, but he saw nobody who looked at all like the man Nick had described.

Ten minutes before sailing time he leaned against the rail of the promenade deck and looked down at the dock.

Several hundred persons were there to bid farewell to friends on board.

Delayed passengers were hurrying up the gang plank and longshoremen were standing ready to cast off the lines

Among those who ran up the plank at the last minute was a district messenger boy.

There had been other messengers during the last hour, and Patsy gave no thought to this one until he saw the plank rising as workmen on the dock pulled at the lines.

Then there was a yell from the deck below.

"Here! let me off! I don't want to go to Yurrop, see?"

All the passengers who heard the cry were interested at once.

Patsy and others leaned far over the rail and could just see the messenger at the place where the gang-plank had been a moment before.

He was wild with excitement, and would have tried to jump to the dock if a steamship officer had not caught him and held him.

"Stop the ship!" yelled the boy.

Some of the passengers laughed, for the ship hadn't started, but it was no fun for the messenger.

The gang-plank was moved further and further away.

Patsy heard the officer scolding the boy for running on board at the last minute.

"I had to!" he cried, struggling; "I had a telegram."

Then a bos'n came running up with a coil of rope.

Evidently he explained his idea to the officer who held the boy, though Patsy could not hear what was said, for the officer at once helped the bos'n tie the rope around the messenger's body underneath his arms.

Then he was lifted over the rail and lowered level with the deck.

A hand line had been made fast to him also, and the free end of this was tossed to the dock.

Men caught it there and pulled the boy toward them.

In a second or two he was on the dock, the rope was untied from him and drawn back on board, and the steamer at the same instant began to move.

The passengers laughed and cheered, and the messenger boy waved his hand triumphantly.

"You can't kidnap me, see?" he shouted.

Patsy was greatly interested in this incident, but something else was going on just at that moment that would have interested him several times more if he had seen it.

It was while the detective was leaning over the rail

to watch the messenger that a man in the crowd on the dock made a signal to one of the passengers.

Plenty of men might have seen this signal, but they would have supposed that the man was simply waving a farewell to a friend on board.

The friend stood within six feet of Patsy.

After the signal, the man on board looked from one to another of the passengers near him, and finally jerked his thumb towards Patsy, while he looked inquiringly at the man on the dock.

The latter nodded.

Then the man on board took a quick, keen glance at the detective and walked rapidly away.

Patsy staid at the rail until the boat was in mid-stream.

"Well," he said to himself, "it's good-by to New York for a while, and nothing doing. I wish there was a dynamiter or an escaped forger, or somebody on board to make things interesting."

He went to pacing the deck while the steamer sailed down the river and into the bay.

Just off the Battery a steward spoke to him.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you're Mr. Mallon, aren't you?"

It was the steward who had charge of Patsy's room, which accounted for his knowing the passenger's name so early.

"Yes," replied the detective.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I think I saw a telegram for you."

"So?"

"Yes, sir. There's a number of telegrams and letters on the head table in the saloon, sir."

"And you saw my name?"

"I think so, sir."

"Get it for me, please."

"Thankee, sir," said the steward, pocketing the tip that Patsy gave him.

He went below and returned in a moment with a yellow envelope.

"It was brought aboard at the last minute," he said, "by a kid who nearly got carried off with us."

"Indeed!"

Patsy smiled as he thought of the boy's return to land.

"I never thought of his having anything for me," he said to himself, as he tore off the end of the envelope.

The dispatch was not signed, but Patsy knew that it was from Nick.

There were only two little words, but the young detective's blood leaped as he read them:

"You're it."

CHAPTER V.

OVERBOARD.

The explanation of that telegram may as well be made at this time.

Nick had spent the night on the American Line steamship *St. Paul*. He breakfasted on board, as did the few passengers who had come on the evening before, as he did.

He was not exactly surprised, but he was greatly interested, to see Pallog at the breakfast-table.

The traveler had disguised himself to the extent of shaving his beard and putting on clothes very different from those he had worn the day before.

Of course, the detective was disguised, and it did not look as if Pallog recognized him.

"So!" thought Nick; "he didn't lie in wait for the black man at the Astor House! Well, why should he? He doesn't want to get in the way of any savage fiend from Borneo, especially when he still has the diamond with him. I hope he hasn't tumbled to me."

Nick took pains to keep out of Pallog's way during the morning, but the traveler was evidently watchful and suspicious, and they met more than once.

At last it became pretty clear that Pallog had either recognized the detective, or that he had become frightened, for he quietly left the ship.

This was half-an-hour before sailing time.

Nick also left the ship, shadowing the man along the dock to where there were a number of hacks and cabs that had brought passengers to the boat.

He saw Pallog go to a cab clear at the end of the line, and it was plain that the driver had been waiting for him.

Pallog got in hurriedly and Nick heard him say:

"Cunard dock, like lightning!"

"Electricity and a messenger, may beat the fastest cab in the city," thought Nick, as he hastened to the telegraph office on the dock.

He then sent the dispatch to Patsy, or rather to "Mr. Mallon," and wondered whether Pallog would

be able to make the distance through the crowded streets in time to catch the boat.

Patsy dropped the telegram overboard and continued his walk up and down the deck.

"I'm in luck," he thought, "and I've got six days to get that diamond in. The first step is to get a look at my victim."

He went down to the chief steward's room.

"I wonder if I can get my seat at the table changed," said Patsy.

"Well," responded the chief steward, "it's rather late to ask that. Aren't you the gentleman I fixed last night?"

"Yes, you gave me a seat then, and it's good enough, but I'd like to change if it won't be any trouble."

"It's nothing I care anything about, but all the people on board, so far as I know, have been fixed, and they're likely to kick if I shift them."

"Perhaps it won't be necessary to shift anybody. Just let me see your table plan. If there's anybody at the place I want I won't say another word."

"All right, here it is."

Patsy glanced quickly over the plan, looking for the name of Brodski.

He found it, fixed the spot in his memory, and handed the plan back.

"It's no go," he said, with a sigh. "Every seat is taken at the table where I would like to be."

"Sorry, sir."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Forget it."

The detective went back on deck. In half-an-hour more, lunch would be ready.

"I'll spot him then," he said to himself. "Third table, port side, fifth chair from the end."

He kept repeating this till the gong rang.

Then he went below, and as he ate kept glancing at the place where "Brodski" should be.

That chair was empty.

Nearly every other chair in the saloon was taken, for the boat was still in calm water and running slow on account of a slight fog, and few had begun to feel sick.

Patsy stuck to the table, filling in the time by eating nuts, until the stewards began to clear away the cloths.

Brodski's chair had not been occupied.

"I'll bet Nick was mistaken," he said to himself,

at last, getting up. "Ugh! I feel like a stuffed pig. Never ate so much in my life."

He walked the deck for an hour, and then spent as much time in the smoking-room.

Nobody appeared who resembled the man Nick had described.

In fact, all the passengers Patsy saw that afternoon were easily identified as persons whose names were not Brodski.

There were not many of them. The ship carried the usual number, but there seemed to be fewer than usual who were good sailors.

The steamship had not passed Sandy Hook before it became evident that there was heavy weather outside, with continued fog.

A long swell rolled into the lower bay and made the great ship roll uncomfortably for those who were not used to the sea.

That was only a hint of what was to come.

Off the Hook the waves were quite high, and a strong wind sprung up.

It was not dangerous; it was not even what might be called rough weather, but it was too much for the passengers.

Perhaps three days later they would have thought it very fine, but, being unused to it now, they weakened.

One after another they disappeared, until, late in the afternoon, the detective seemed to have the promenade deck pretty much to himself.

There were half-a-dozen men in the smoking-room still, some of them looking as blue as they felt.

On the forward deck a gang of sailors were finishing the work of cleaning up, fastening down the hatches and stowing coils of rope in ship-shape.

Three officers were on the bridge, and the chief engineer was idling in the doorway to his room.

Not a passenger was to be seen except Patsy.

He was having no trouble with the weather.

If he had thought of it at all he would have enjoyed the motion, but his thoughts were wholly taken with the problem he had to solve.

Nick wouldn't have sent that telegram unless he were sure that Pallog had gone aboard the *Umbria*.

It wasn't likely that the traveler was seasick, but there might be other good reasons for his sticking to his room during the first day.

"Maybe," thought Patsy, "he's trying to find out on the quiet whether there is a detective on board."

He leaned upon the rail at a point about amidships, and looked down at the water.

There was nothing to interest him there, he hardly saw the splashing waves, for he was trying to think out a plan for getting the diamond after having identified Pallog, when he was suddenly lifted into the air.

Without the slightest warning, with no word uttered, he was raised clean off his feet and dropped over the side.

As he went down, clutching at the rail and missing it, he had a brief glimpse of a horribly evil face leering triumphantly down at him.

The man who had thrown the detective overboard walked hastily away, and disappeared in the first gangway he came to.

Nobody had seen the deed.

The chief engineer but a second before had turned into his room and shut the door.

The sailors away forward were busy with their work.

On the bridge the officers were looking ahead.

Aft there was a man on duty, and at that moment he was gazing toward the faint blue line of shore.

The trick had been done as successfully, so far as escaping observation went, as if it had been darkest midnight.

But luck that gave the villain his opportunity was not entirely on his side.

There was luck for the astonished detective, too.

As he went sliding down the side of the vessel, tearing the ends of his finger nails off in the effort to catch on to something on the iron freeboard, he felt the rim of a port hole.

It was on the leeward side of the vessel, and the port was open.

The feeling of the rim was enough for Patsy's mind.

He knew what it meant.

Instantly his muscles obeyed his will.

One hand had slipped from the rim, which was too smooth to hold to without time for it, but the other swept out and caught the circular window.

As the reader may know, these windows of an ocean steamship are made of very thick glass framed in heavy rings of brass.

They are fastened to the ship's side with the strongest kind of a hinge.

As the wind did not blow against that side of the ship, and as the waves were not high enough to

splash spray into the port, the window had been pushed partly open.

The brass frame, therefore, stuck out a little from the side of the ship, and that was what enabled the detective to grasp it.

He hung to it a moment, gasping.

As soon as he had clutched it with one hand, he brought the other to it also.

For a moment, therefore, he was safe.

Below him were the tumbling waves, and above, far out of possible reach, was the deck-rail.

He was too strong to be shaken off by the rolling of the vessel, but he could not hang on there forever, and there was no telling how long it might be before a sailor or passenger would discover his remarkable situation and aid him.

After the first shock of amazement, Patsy wasn't so sure that he wanted to be discovered.

"Of course that was Pallog," he muttered, gritting his teeth. "It might be a rattling good scheme to let him think that I'm in the soup for good."

Then he thought of attracting the attention of the passenger in the room and getting him to help him over the rail and say nothing about it.

"That would be a beaut in the way of a return trick," he thought. "The passenger could let me down a red blanket from the rail and I could climb up. Of course, somebody might see, but, hang it! I've got to get away from here somehow. There's no use in being particular as to how it's done."

Taking a deep breath, he pulled himself up to look into the porthole.

As he did so he thought that probably the passenger in the room was lying there seasick.

What if it should be a woman!

She would be scared half to death, or worse, to see a man's face on the outside of the port.

"Talk about ghosts for scaring people," thought Patsy, "this will beat a band of 'em."

He brought his head up even with the port and looked in, but it was too dark in there for him to see clearly.

"Ahem!" he coughed.

The seasick passenger made no move.

"I say," said Patsy, "don't be frightened now, for I'm not going to do any harm; I can't, you see, even if I wanted to, but I'm in a deuce of a fix out here, and you can help me. Eh? say!—Hello!"

Not a sound from the stateroom.

The detective crowded his head further into the opening.

"Huh!" he grunted, "empty. All that talk wasted."

He drew back and let himself hang for a moment as easily as he could while he thought about it.

Looking up and along the rail he saw not a face.

In pleasant weather, or after a day or two out, there might have been a dozen persons looking over to whom he could have called.

"Well," he muttered, presently, "the situation isn't getting any better so far as I can see. The ship must have gone a mile since I went over. I can't stay here till we get to Europe."

He looked again at the porthole.

"I shall have to try it," he concluded. "Lucky I'm not built on Nick's lines. He'd have to leave one of his shoulders outside if he went in there, and perhaps I will."

Patsy had thought of the possibility of climbing in through the porthole at the first, but he had not believed that it could be done.

The opening seemed too small.

It is surprising what a narrow space an average-sized man can get through when he has to.

Patsy found that he didn't have to leave a shoulder outside.

It was by no means easy getting through, especially as there was nothing to brace his feet against, but, by squirming and twisting, he managed it, and at last fell on his hands and knees to the stateroom floor.

"Gee!" he gasped, as he sat there rubbing his elbows, "I've got aches enough to stock a hospital."

Then he got up and looked at himself in the mirror.

His face showed no sign of his adventure, but his mind was already made up that that face should not be seen again on board the *Umbria*.

There was only one person on board who would be likely to notice the difference.

That was his room steward.

He knew Mr. Mallon, and had proved that he remembered that gentleman's appearance.

There was the chief steward, too, but the detective could keep out of his way without difficulty.

"A made-up story, and a gold piece will fix my room steward," Patsy concluded.

As for the passengers, it was wholly unlikely that

any of them would remember the quiet man who had sat so long at lunch on the first half-day out.

They would forget him, and "Mr. Mallon" could pass in his new face exactly as well as in the old.

The main point was to deceive Pallog.

Let that shrewd and desperate traveler believe that the detective had been sent to the bottom of the sea, and the work of getting the crown diamond would be much easier.

Patsy, as usual, had plenty of makeup materials in his pockets and he went to work without delay.

He worked carefully, and yet it was only a short time when he became, so far as his face went, a very different person.

"Lucky, after all," he thought, "that I could get into an unoccupied room."

This thought had hardly formed in his mind when the lock of the door clicked warningly.

The detective had just time to stow his makeup materials out of sight when the door was opened.

A man started to enter, and drew back in surprise.

His face was clearly seen in the light that came in from the port at Patsy's back.

It was the evil face that he had seen as he went over the rail.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE STOKE HOLE.

"Hello," said Patsy, carelessly, "what's wanted?"

The other did not respond for a moment.

He stood there staring into the stateroom.

Patsy took pains to stand so that his back should be to the light, thus keeping his face in comparative shadow.

This was not because he feared that his makeup was poor, but because it was possible that this man, Pallog undoubtedly, might recognize him by his clothing.

Presently Pallog spoke.

"What the devil are you doing in my room?" he demanded.

"Your room?" echoed Patsy, as if surprised.

"Yes, mine!"

"Guess not, mister. I haven't lived on this ship very long, but I guess I know my own room."

"Then there's another guess coming to you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're in my room. I'd like to know how you got in, too."

"Why, as to that, I opened the door and walked in."

"You unlocked it?"

"Certainly."

"What's the number of your room?"

"Ninety-six," said Patsy, giving the number of his room correctly, for he knew that if he did not, Pallog would soon see that he had tried a trick.

"Well," responded Pallog, angrily, "this is ninety-eight."

"Great Scott!"

"Look at the number on the door and see for yourself."

"Whew! you're right, mister. I mistook it in the dark gangway for my number. I'm awfully sorry."

Pallog silently stood aside to let Patsy out.

"I see now," added Patsy, "that my baggage isn't here. I had only just come in, and I hadn't noticed that."

"I shall complain to the chief steward," said Pallog.

"Oh, I hope not, sir. I didn't mean to go into your room, on my word."

Patsy had never spoken more truthfully.

"There ought not to be two keys to the room."

"That's right, but I won't make the mistake again."

"See that you don't."

Pallog went in, and Patsy heard him lock the door behind him.

The detective went to his own room and changed his clothes.

"I wonder if he tumbled?" was the thought that bothered Patsy. "If he did, he concealed his feelings mighty well."

After he had made the necessary change, Patsy rang for his steward.

"I want to play a joke on a friend of mine," said Patsy. "I find that he's on board, so I have fixed up my face a little. Think he'll know me?"

"Bless my heart, sir! I should say not."

"Well, then, don't give me away."

"Thankee, sir, I won't."

A generous tip having settled that possible danger, the detective wandered about the ship to make a complete test of his disguise.

There was no fear that anybody would see through

it. The question was whether anybody would miss the other man.

The real test came at dinner time.

All the people at his table had seen him as himself. Would they notice that another man now occupied his seat?

Only three who belonged to that table came to dinner. The others didn't care whether there was any dinner or not on that day, and, in fact, it was only on the third day that they showed up at any meal.

Of those who were there, only one looked at him with curiosity. It was a young man who seemed to remember that somebody else had been there at lunch.

Patsy said nothing, believing that the young man would soon forget the apparent disappearance of the passenger, and that proved to be the case.

Pallog was in his place, that is, in the chair assigned to "Mr. Brodski."

He paid no attention to Patsy then, or for two days afterward, during which the detective was studying vainly for a way to get at the diamond.

The detective watched the man as constantly as possible, and saw that he did not make friends with any of the passengers.

He was surly when anybody spoke to him.

For hours he would sit by himself in the smoking-room, drinking rather heavily.

"He must have a pretty fair jag on by the time he's ready to turn in," thought Patsy, "and that ought to be in my favor when I get around to action."

The detective noticed also that now and then Pallog would go below—that is, down to the engine-room, or into the stoke hole.

It seemed to be the only thing he was interested in.

Of course, he had to ask permission to go there, and the first time he went down a good-natured officer went with him.

He must have gone down at times when Patsy did not see him, for on the third day, the detective saw him making for the stoke hole without anybody to guide him.

That looked as if his visits were so frequent that the ship's officers knew about them, but were willing to let the man go about by himself.

Patsy made a careful inquiry on this matter, ask-

ing his questions of a young officer with whom he had become very friendly.

"Oh, yes," this officer said, "Mr. Brodski is a very interesting man when you get to know him. A little silent, but he knows his business."

"What is it?"

"Why! he's a builder of engines for steamships. He likes to go below to watch the action of our engines and see how the furnaces work. As he understands such things and won't get in the way or hurt himself we let him do about as he pleases."

Patsy said nothing further. He knew well enough that Pallog was no engine-builder. The traveler had some other reason in going so often to the hot, dark hole where the fires were fed.

What could it be?

It was hardly likely that he kept the crown diamond hidden down there.

Probably it doesn't need saying that Patsy determined to find out the meaning of those visits below.

On the morning of the fourth day, he saw Pallog, after taking a stroll about the decks, start for the stoke hole.

The detective quietly followed.

No officer happened to be near to interfere with him, and Patsy got down to the bottom of the ship.

He had lost track of Pallog on the way down, but that didn't trouble him.

The man could not be far away, and it was better that he was out of sight, for Patsy meant, of course, to watch him unseen.

It was hot and dark, and the alleyways between the big furnaces were narrow.

Now and then there was a fierce glow as a furnace door was opened.

Dark forms were moving about, raking down ashes, shoveling them into buckets to be hoisted up and dumped overboard, bringing up coal from the bins and throwing it on the fires.

They were almost naked, these dark forms, and Patsy began to wish that he had left half his clothes in his room.

He came rather suddenly from an alley between coal bins to a wide, open space.

Several furnaces were there side by side.

None of the doors happened to be open at that moment, but just after he arrived one was opened directly in front of him.

The glare where he stood was blinding.

A little at one side it was almost as dark as before, but he caught a glimpse of a man darting back into deeper shadow.

He did not know that it was Pallog, but he guessed so. Before his eyes became used to the fierce light, and before he could draw back, he was attacked by two of those dark, half-naked forms.

They came at him from each side.

Each had struck him sharply under the knee, thus causing him to stumble back.

As he fell they caught him in their arms and rushed him straight toward the open furnace door.

Patsy was not powerless, but he was greatly at disadvantage.

The attack had been so unexpected and he was lifted so quickly off his feet that he could not draw a weapon or use his fists successfully.

As it was, he made a furious struggle.

He got in a half-arm blow on the face of one of the stokers that made the fellow grunt and stagger, but it did not stop the swift approach to the roaring furnace.

It was all over in a second, but in that short time the detective believed for once that his time had come.

He saw the bed of coal white-hot in front of him and felt the rush of stifling hot air from the furnace door.

Then, just as the stokers were swinging him in, one of them dropped like a log to the floor.

That let Patsy down sidewise, and, as he scrambled away, the other stoker fell also.

The detective leaped to his feet.

Now he had his revolver in his hand, and he was ready for another attack.

A glance showed him that there was nothing more to be feared.

The two stokers who had attacked him lay motionless, and over them stood another with a heavy rake in his hands.

He had it raised as if to strike again, for it was by his blows that the scoundrels were prevented from hurling the detective into the furnace.

A dozen other stokers appeared suddenly from the dark shadows round about.

Most of them had their tools in their hands.

They had been busy at their work and had not known that anything unusual was going on until they heard the blows by which the scoundrels were felled.

"Wot in 'ell's 'appenin' naow?" one of them demanded.

The man who had saved Patsy answered with a fierce oath.

"They'd 'a' killed 'im," he added, pointing to Patsy. "I don't know who 'e is, an', wot's more, I don't care, but the bloomin' fools was a-goin' to chuck 'im on the fire."

"Gawd! wot for?"

"Ow do I know? I knowed they was up to mischief of some kind, rot 'em! an' I was watchin' 'em, but I never suspected anythink of this kind. Perhaps you can tell, sir, wot made 'em do it?"

"I think," replied Patsy, "that they were hired to do it."

"Or, bewitched!" cried the stoker, suddenly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I seen that 'ere bloomin' swell wot has been a-comin' down 'ere ever since we left New York, I seen 'im showing these 'ere rotten fools a thing that shone in the dark like a live coal, sir. I don't know wot it was, sir——"

"I do."

"Then I s'pose, sir, you can understand 'ow it made 'em crazy. Bewitched, I calls it. I seen 'em 'andle it, an' I 'eard 'im say: 'Some day,' says 'e, 'the man will come down 'ere hafter me. Then,' says 'e, 'will be yer time to do it,' says 'e. I didn't know wot that meant, but I thought 'twas mischief, I did, an' I kep' my heyes open. Lord! 'ow near they come to burnin' you up!"

"They did, indeed," responded Patsy, and he grasped the honest stoker by the hand. "I owe my life to you, my friend, and I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't you try, sir! Do you s'pose I'd stand by an' see a gent chucked on the fire like 'e was a bucket of coal?"

"I see you wouldn't, but I'm obliged to you just the same. Will you tell me your name?"

"'Ennery 'Awkins, sir."

"All right, Mr. Hawkins, you'll hear from me before the voyage is over. Now, about these men, here——"

Patsy indicated the rascally stokers, who were beginning to recover consciousness.

"I 'oped I'd killed 'em!" exclaimed Hawkins.

"No, it's better this way. Let them go about their work, and say nothing about it."

"Say nothink! Why, sir, the whole ship can't 'elp knowin' of it afore night!"

"Then let it be understood that they went crazy with the heat. That sometimes happens down here, doesn't it?"

"Hindeed it does, sir."

"Then let it go at that. I've nothing against these men. You can say anything to them that you want to, but I shan't try to have them punished."

With a few more words of thanks to the man who had saved his life, the detective left the stoke hole and returned to the deck.

He was black with coal dust, and the first thing necessary was to go to his room and clean up.

He thought of making another change in his disguise with the idea of persuading Pallog that this second attempt to kill him had been successful, but, as he came out on deck, he came face to face with Pallog, who was strolling idly along as if nothing had happened.

CHAPTER VII.

A MIDNIGHT SEARCH.

Pallog glanced at Patsy, but showed no surprise or interest in him, and the detective passed him without a word.

"He's a cool chap," thought Patsy, in his state-room. "I suppose he recognized me when he found me in his room, after he threw me overboard. At any rate it's clear that he's onto me and that I'm not making progress. Something's got to be done."

He took a good deal of time in changing his clothes and his thoughts were very busy.

His eyes often went up to the ventilator over the upper berth in his room.

This was a square opening in the stateroom wall covered by an iron grating.

The detective smiled as he looked at it.

When he had finished dressing, he went into the gangway and walked slowly to the door of Pallog's room, keeping his eyes on the ceiling as he went.

His investigation seemed to satisfy him, for he was very cheerful when he went, an hour or two later, to make a call on the chief engineer.

That officer was in his room, and he received Patsy pleasantly.

"Would you like to go down and look at the machinery?" asked the chief.

"No, thank you," replied Patsy, "I've called on business."

"Business!"

"Yes. There's a stoker below named Henry Hawkins?"

"I believe so."

"He saved my life this morning."

"Oh! are you the man who wandered down to the stoke hole and got into trouble with a couple of crazy stokers?"

"I am."

"You shouldn't have gone there, Mr. Mallon, without permission or without an officer to guide you."

"I know that, chief, and I beg everybody's pardon. I won't do it again."

"I suppose not after what happened to you. I heard about it."

"What have you done with the crazy stokers?"

"Locked them up, of course."

"I don't care to make any complaint against them."

"Well, that's your lookout, but we don't propose to let the matter go unnoticed. They will be tried on shore and, of course, will be punished."

"Very well. You won't need my testimony, I suppose?"

"No. Hawkins can tell what he saw. That will be enough."

"I'm glad to hear it, as I may want to leave the ship at Queenstown. But this is the business. I want to make Hawkins a little present; will you hand it to him?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Mallon."

Patsy gave the chief a roll of gold sovereigns, which the chief said was altogether too much, but the detective insisted on giving it, and they talked for a while on all sorts of matters.

"By the way," said Patsy, as he rose to go, "I find that there is a screw loose in my trunk. Will you lend me a screwdriver?"

Of course the chief would, and Patsy took the tool away with him.

That evening Pallog drank more heavily than usual. He sat by himself in the smoking-room, and did not turn in until half-past eleven.

Patsy was in the smoking-room, too, playing whist with three old gentlemen, who liked him because his attention never wandered from the game.

They played until midnight, and were the last to leave the room.

The detective walked up and down the deck for a little while, and, before he went to his own room, he went along the gangway to see whether the light in Pallog's room had been put out.

It had, and Patsy looked at his watch.

"Nearly half-past twelve," he said to himself. "With all that booze inside of him he must be sound asleep now. This is the time for my big play."

He first made sure that his stateroom door was locked.

Then he climbed to the upper berth and used the chief engineer's screwdriver to loosen the iron grating over the ventilator.

That done, he took the grating down and looked into the shaft.

"I can do it," he muttered. "It won't be as hard as climbing through a porthole."

Next, he took from his grip a small bottle of ether and a sponge. Having placed these on the upper berth, he took off all but his underclothes, including his shoes, and climbed back.

With the screwdriver in his teeth, the bottle in one hand and the sponge in the other, he wormed his way into the ventilating shaft.

After squirming along for about twenty feet, he found himself at the ventilator grating of Pallog's room.

Here he had a hard task, for the heads of the screws that held it in place were inside the room.

He could get two fingers and his thumb through one of the spaces in the grating, and in this way was able to bring the blade of the screwdriver against the notch in the screw heads.

Then it was necessary to use all the strength of his fingers to turn the driver.

He could make only a quarter of a turn at a time, and there was danger always of dropping the tool and of waking Pallog.

Very slowly, but one after the other, he loosened all the four screws until at last he pushed the ventilator in.

It fell noiselessly on the upper berth.

Pallog was snoring in the lower.

The detective squirmed in and lay for a minute on the upper berth to get his breath.

Before he stirred again he uncorked the bottle of ether and soaked the sponge.

He cautiously leaned his head and shoulders over the edge of the berth and looked down.

It was too dark to see what he wanted, and he had not taken his pocket lamp with him, but he had brought a few matches tied to a button of his undershirt.

He lit one of these in such a way that the rays would not fall on the sleeper's eyes, for he feared that the flash might arouse him.

Then he took a hasty glance down again.

Pallog lay face up and his lips were parted.

"Good!" thought Patsy, blowing out the match.

He leaned over the edge again and reached the ether-soaked sponge down until he could lay it on Pallog's lips.

In a second or two there was a change in the man's breathing that the detective understood, and he climbed down to the floor.

A little more ether was dropped on the sponge, after which Patsy turned on the electric light without hesitation.

His first search was made under Pallog's pillow.

The man breathed steadily when his head was raised.

Patsy found nothing under the pillow, except the traveler's pistol. He took it out and sat down to examine it, for it was unlike any he had ever seen.

It was not a revolver, but something like the old-fashioned, single-barreled weapon that used to be known years ago as a "horse pistol."

The barrel was very large. A bullet from it would have taken the top of a man's head off if it was fired right.

It was not loaded from the muzzle, however. The breech could be raised by a spring, as Patsy found while he was looking the thing over.

Having raised the breech, he saw that the weapon was heavily loaded.

"I might as well draw the charge," he thought. "Otherwise, if Pallog should happen to wake there might be trouble."

He drew out the charge and thrust it into his shirt, putting into the barrel in place of it a small article that he had brought along in the same way he did the matches.

Then he replaced the weapon under Pallog's pillow and continued his search.

There wasn't much to search.

Pallog had no baggage. That was probably on

the White Star boat, but Patsy went through all his clothes and turned up the cushions of the bunk without finding anything that interested him.

At last, with a very sober expression on his face, he drew a long breath and turned off the light.

"The ether won't last much longer," he said to himself, "and I will have to be going."

He went back as he came, except that he returned feet foremost, for he had to replace the grating over Pallog's ventilator as he had found it.

That took time, but it was after all only an hour from the time he started when he dropped into his own room, bringing back all the articles that he had taken with him.

CHAPTER VIII.

PATSY'Y LITTLE BARKER.

After he had replaced his own ventilator, Patsy sat on his bunk for several minutes, thinking.

At last he smiled cheerfully, as if a new thought had struck him, and went to bed.

In the morning he returned the screwdriver to the chief engineer, saying that he had forgotten to bring it back the evening before.

"That's all right," said the chief; "but, say, what's this I hear about those stokers being hired to do you?"

"How do I know what you've heard?" returned Patsy.

"Well, when I gave your gold to Hawkins, he said that was what you thought. Of course, he's much obliged to you."

"Didn't Hawkins say that the men were bewitched?"

"Yes, but of course there's nothing in that."

"Of course not, and probably there's a little in the rumor that the men were hired. I wouldn't think anything more about it if I were you. Rumors grow out of guesswork, you know."

"Yes, that's so."

The matter was dropped so far as Patsy was concerned, but he heard some time afterward that the stokers declared on their trial that a man had promised them a share in a wonderful diamond if they would put a thief out of the way.

This was believed to be proof that the stokers were made crazy by the heat, and the result was that they got off with rather light sentences.

Pallog was about the ship as usual on that day, and when land was sighted late in the afternoon he told an officer that he was going ashore at Queenstown.

The detective, who was watching him more narrowly than ever, heard of this, and prepared to land there also.

He left his trunk on the boat, with orders to have it forwarded to the Tavistock Hotel, London, for he didn't want to be bothered with it, and took only his grip with him on the tug that came out to the *Umbria* from Queenstown.

Pallog did not discover that the detective was on the tug with him until just as it was about to start up the harbor.

Then he hurried toward the gangplank, as if he would return to the steamer.

Patsy did not stir, for he saw that the plank was already being hauled in.

If Pallog had really wanted to go back on board the *Umbria* he could probably have managed it, but he seemed to think it might be as well to stay where he was, for he went sullenly to the cabin, and sat there until the tug arrived at the Queenstown dock.

It was then evening. The passengers went at once to a train that was waiting to take them to Dublin, where they would go aboard a steamer to cross the Irish Sea and get to Liverpool several hours ahead of the *Umbria*.

In the darkness it was easy for Patsy to keep track of Pallog, for the traveler went straight to the train with the others.

The detective overheard him making a bargain with a railway guard for the use of a compartment by himself during the journey to Dublin.

Patsy waited until he saw that Pallog was locked in, and then he found a place in a compartment where there were two other passengers.

The train started soon afterward, and nothing happened until it had gone rather more than half the way.

Then a halt was made at a small station and guards gathered about the car in which Patsy was riding.

Presently one of them unlocked the doors and said:

"This carriage is disabled, and will have to be cut out of the train. Please take places in other carriages."

The passengers grumbled, but got out, and, for

some minutes, there was confusion while the guards were hunting for compartments where there were vacant places.

Patsy did nothing until he saw that all the other passengers had been placed.

Meantime he noticed that the guard who had made the bargain with Pallog had not let anybody go into that man's compartment.

The detective went up to this guard.

"I haven't got a place yet," he said, "but I see that there's room in there," and he indicated Pallog's compartment.

"That's engaged, sir," replied the guard.

"But that kind of engagement don't go," retorted Patsy, "when the train is full. You know that, don't you?"

"The gentleman doesn't want to be disturbed," replied the guard, doubtfully.

Patsy gave him a coin.

"You don't suppose I want to disturb the gentleman, do you?" he asked.

The guard thanked him and unlocked the door. He was going to explain matters to the passenger inside, when he saw that the man was asleep.

"All right, sir," he whispered, "in you go, and if he wakes up you can tell him how it happened."

Patsy got in quietly, for he did not care to arouse Pallog, and a moment later the train was in motion again.

Pallog lay full length on one of the two seats in the compartment, and Patsy sat down on the other.

The place was well lighted by a lantern let down though the roof.

For some time the train rolled on and Pallog did not stir.

At last the carriage lurched as it went round a sharp curve, and Pallog nearly rolled off to the floor.

He opened his eyes and was going to change his position when he saw that another man was in the compartment with him.

He sat upright suddenly and stared, while he reached around to his hip pocket.

His villainous face took on an expression of growing fury.

"You, again!" he hissed. "I've got you this time and, by Jove! I'll make an end of it!"

With this he drew out his big pistol and aimed it at the detective.

Patsy quietly put his hand to his breast pocket.

All that Pallog saw him take from it was a cigar. "I hope you don't object to smoking?" said the detective.

"I object to you!" cried Pallog. "Do you know that you're looking into a loaded gun?"

He put up his thumb and cocked the weapon.

Patsy bit off the end of his cigar.

He kept his hand near his face, as he remarked:

"You're not going to fire that gun."

"Why not?"

"You know too well for me to tell you."

"Well, then," cried Pallog, "I can use it in another way!"

With this he brought the gun up, caught it by the muzzle and aimed a blow at the detective.

Patsy then brought down his hand about six inches.

The cigar dropped to his knees, but there was a small revolver in his hand, cocked, and aimed straight at Pallog's heart.

"You know something about sleight-of-hand, I believe," remarked Patsy, coolly. "You see the trick, and I'll tell you how it's done, if you want to know. I will also tell you, Mr. Jan Pallog, *alias* Brodski, that if you try to do me any damage I'll fire before you can turn a hair. This is a little thing that I've got here, but, oh my! it gets there!"

Pallog had drawn back the instant he saw the revolver.

He sat now with his weapon still raised, but his arm was motionless.

"What do you mean to do?" he muttered.

"Stay with you," replied Patsy.

"It won't do you any good."

"Perhaps not, but I rather enjoy it."

"You have dogged me across the ocean——"

"And you have twice tried to kill me! Do you know that I understand that? If you think I'm going to let up on you, you're mightily mistaken."

Pallog slowly lowered his arm, but he kept his pistol in his hand.

The detective picked up the cigar with his left hand, placed it between his teeth, lit it, and began to puff.

Meantime he kept his little barker aimed at the traveler.

"I know what you're after," said Pallog.

"Oh, yes, there's no need of you and me trying to

fool each other. I found I couldn't fool you before the *Umbria* had got out of sight of land."

"I was onto you," returned Pallog, "before the ship left the dock."

"Then you had a confederate on shore."

The traveler's eyes wavered a little at this.

"I thought so," added Patsy. "There was no other way to account for it."

For a moment there was silence. Then Pallog said:

"You want to get the crown diamond away from me."

"Right."

"Do you forget that I have the right to it?"

"You have the right to give it to the Government of Roumelia, and you don't mean to do so. I mean to see that that stone is delivered to an officer of your government."

"You won't succeed."

"Maybe."

"Don't you see that at the last minute, even if you should succeed in dogging me, I can claim that you were trying to steal the stone from me?"

"Yes, I see that."

"Well, then, what's the use of keeping up this game?"

"Why, confound you! to make sure that you give the diamond to the officer who has a right to it. I don't care what you say about me. Nobody will believe that I am a thief."

"Bah! they won't believe that I meant to keep it for myself."

"But you intend to do just that."

"Yes, I do, and I will!"

"Well, then, lie down again and go to sleep. I shan't hurt you, but I shall keep you covered till we get to Dublin."

All this time Patsy had kept his weapon aimed.

Pallog did not lie down, but he said nothing more, and for the next hour that strange situation continued.

The traveler sat with his big pistol in his hand, and opposite him sat the American detective, never for an instant lowering his weapon or taking his eyes from Pallog.

Knowing how desperate the man was, Patsy would have fired at the slightest sign of an attack.

And Pallog seemed to realize that the young fellow meant business, for he glared hatefully at him, but made no move.

CHAPTER IX.

A SURPRISE FOR PALLOG.

When the train arrived at the steamboat pier near Dublin, Patsy said:

"You'd better get out first, for I don't care to turn my back to you. Make trouble and I'll put you under arrest at once. You wouldn't like that."

Pallog grumbled, but put up his weapon and got out.

The boat on which they crossed the Irish Sea was so delayed by head winds that it did not reach Liverpool until the middle of the next day.

Patsy kept close to Pallog when they landed, followed him to the Midland Railway Station, and they went up to London on the same train, though not again in the same compartment.

In London Pallog did his best to dodge the detective, and Patsy let him believe that he had succeeded.

It was after business hours when they arrived, and it was not until early evening that Pallog, believing at last that he had shaken the detective, went to a hotel.

From there he sent a note to the house of a diamond dealer, asking him to be at his office at an early hour on the following day.

He got a reply saying that the dealer would meet him at nine o'clock, and, prompt to the minute, Pallog was there.

It was a small shop in Regent street.

The proprietor was ahead of the traveler and stood behind a counter when Pallog entered.

"I've got a stone I want to dispose of," said Pallog at once, "and as I am only passing through London on a hurried journey I will accept a reasonable cash offer, but you must understand that I shall know what a reasonable offer means. This stone is one of the most valuable diamonds in the world."

"I shall be glad to look at it," replied the dealer.

Pallog took a small parcel from his pocket, unwrapped it and laid a gem on the showcase.

"Why!" exclaimed the proprietor, "this is just like the wonderful crown diamond brought from Borneo for the Queen of Roumelia."

"W-h-a-t!" gasped Pallog.

"Strange that there should be two stones so much alike," continued the dealer, turning the one Pallog had given him over and over and holding it up to the light.

"There can't be two!" Pallog cried, his face growing ghastly pale as a terrible fear fell upon him.

"No, that's so," admitted the dealer, "but it's quite clear that a paste diamond can be made in imitation——"

"Stop!" yelled Pallog; "that isn't paste!"

"Excuse me, but that's precisely what it is. I should say that it was worth about one halfpenny."

"You lie!" screamed the traveler, frantically. "I got that diamond in Borneo myself. I know what its value is. It hasn't been out of my possession for one second since I took it from the king of a savage tribe——"

"You mustn't tell me I lie," the dealer said, sternly, and at that instant a back door of the shop opened and two men came in.

Pallog knew one of them, and he stopped his speech, staring with open mouth at the detective who had crossed the Atlantic with him.

"I want to know what this means?" said Pallog, hoarsely.

"It means," Patsy responded, quietly, "that I bribed your messenger last evening, and read your note to this diamond dealer. Then I called on the dealer and also on this gentleman, who is the minister of Roumelia to this country. He now has the crown diamond which you had hidden in the barrel of your pistol. I took it out while we were on board the *Umbria*, and put in its place the paste diamond that Nick Carter had made from your drawing before we left New York."

Pallog's lips turned blue as he listened.

The minister of Roumelia silently took from his pocket a box like the one Pallog had given to Nick, pressed the spring that held the cover, and showed the wonderful gem lying in it.

At sight of the genuine stone, Pallog became furious.

"There's no reason now," he shouted, "why I can't fire this! It's loaded with powder and ball this time!"

So saying he quickly brought out his pistol, stepping back a pace and bringing the weapon up to fire at Patsy.

The detective had anticipated just such a move and leaped.

Before Pallog could aim he had caught the gun by the barrel and turned it aside.

They grappled, and the weapon, slipping from the traveler's hand, crashed into a showcase.

"Curse you!" panted Pallog, "I'll choke the life out of you!"

The merchant and the minister tried to interfere, but before they could do anything Patsy had tripped the traveler and thrown him heavily to the floor.

It was then the work of but a second to snap a pair of bracelets on his wrists.

Pallog strained at them and kicked like a madman, which he really was at that moment, and the detective had some difficulty in binding his legs together.

But that was successfully done, and the disappointed traveler lay on the floor, panting and snarling.

Policemen were called, who came soon and carried him to a station for safe keeping.

The Roumelian minister then thanked Patsy over and over again for his clever work.

"You don't need to say so much about it," said Patsy. "I never enjoyed anything more. After I had got the stone, I hardly knew what to do. I knew he wouldn't miss it, for he would look into his gun and see the paste diamond there, and he wouldn't suspect that there was anything wrong; but I thought that if he came to London, and then discovered his loss, he might not only accuse me of stealing the stone, but he might also say that he meant to give the stone to you."

"And I suppose," said the minister, "that if he had made that claim I should have believed him."

"Of course you would. So I thought it was necessary to keep him in sight, so as to make him give evidence against himself."

"Well, you have been daring and shrewd," exclaimed the minister. "I don't know what Baron Rubelik promised you for a reward——"

"Nor I, either."

"What?"

"The business arrangement was made by my chief, Nick Carter——"

"But I thought you were Nicholas Carter! Your letter of introduction said so."

"Oh!" said Patsy, smiling, "I forgot that. There are three of us," and he went on to explain how the three detectives had started to cross the sea.

"I don't know whether the others came or not," he concluded, "but if they did they will probably be at the Tavistock Hotel some time to-day."

"I shall certainly call and settle with your chief." The minister did so. Nick and Chick arrived that forenoon—one from Liverpool and the other from Southampton—and Nick received a larger sum for his professional work than ever had been paid to him before for a single case.

He joked with Patsy about it.

"We had the fun," said he, "and you did the work."

"That's all right," replied Patsy, "give me the work every time and I'll be satisfied."

"Well, it has been a splendid job," Nick declared, when he had heard the whole story. "I only wish now that we could know something about that black man that called on Pallog at the Astor House. Just for curiosity, I'd like to know who he was and what he wanted."

THE END.

Next week's issue (No. 268) will contain "Nick Carter and the Broken Dagger; or, The Black Man from Borneo." Nick was curious about the black man that called on Pallog at the Astor House. His curiosity was soon satisfied. You will find all about it in next week's issue.

This Week!



This Week!

Another Prize Contest

MORE LAUGHTER!

Still laughing over your funny stories in the Contest that is just closing, boys? Have you any more funny stories? If so send them in, for here's another dandy chance for you.

DO you
want

**A FIRST-RATE, UP-TO-DATE BANJO
A SPLENDID ALL-WOOL SWEATER
OR LONG DISTANCE MEGAPHONES**

?

You have all entered in the last contest — or almost all. Here is another chance. The contest is the same. The prizes are different.



HERE IS THE PLAN: Think of the Funniest Story of which you have ever heard, or the Best Joke. Write it out and send it to us.

3 First Prizes

The three boys who send in the three funniest stories will each receive a first-class banjo. A beautiful instrument. Perfect and up-to-date in every detail. These banjos are warranted in every particular. They have 11-inch calf heads, walnut necks and veneered finger boards, with celluloid inlaid position dots, raised frets, twenty-four nickel brackets and wired edge. These instruments can be easily mastered, and every boy should jump at the opportunity to win one.

5 Second Prizes

The five boys who send us the next funniest stories will each receive a Spalding all-wool sweater. Any color you choose. Guaranteed all wool and full shaped to the body and arms.

10 Third Prizes

The ten boys who send us the next funniest stories will receive a Spalding 12-inch "Long Distance" Megaphone, capable of carrying the sound of the human voice two miles.

Here are the Directions:

This contest will close May 1st. Remember, whether your story wins a prize or not, it stands a good chance of being published, together with your name.

To become a contestant for these prizes, you must cut out the Prize Contest Coupon, printed herewith, fill it out properly and mail it to Nick Carter Weekly, care of Street & Smith, 238 William St., New York City, together with your story. No story will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it. Watch for the announcement of the prize winners in three weeks.

COUPON.

**NICK CARTER WEEKLY PRIZE
CONTEST No. 2.**

Date _____ 1902

Name _____

City or Town _____

State _____

Title of Story _____

FUN FOR EVERYBODY!

You have read the announcement of the new contest on the opposite page. We know that you will make it as big a success as you have made this one. You may look for the names of the winners of this contest in two weeks. In the meantime get ready to laugh. Here are some late arrivals in the contest that just closed.

Two Men of the Same Name.

(By Archie Steiner, Virginia.)

Two men with but a single name caused a regular "mixed pickles" complication at one of the local hotels the other day. One had a wife and the other didn't. One is a prominent and leading citizen of Statesville. The other hails from Abington. The one from Statesville is the man with the wife. For present purposes, both will be known as John Smith.

It seems that Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of Statesville, came to the city the other day, went to the hotel and registered, and were assigned to a room. Soon after this John Smith, of Statesville, went out on the business which had brought him to the city and while he was out Mr. John Smith, of Abington, a traveling man, arrived in the city. He met the porter at the train, delivered his grips to that haughty individual and 'phoned to the hotel to save him a good room. Meanwhile he stopped to see a couple of friends, and then went to the hotel.

While this was happening the day force switched to the night force in the hotel office. Therefore, it came to pass that when Mr. John Smith, of Abington, arrived at the hotel he told the night clerk that he had 'phoned to have a good room saved for him.

"What name?" asked the clerk.

"John Smith," was the reply.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Smith, room —. Do you wish to go up?"

"Yes, please," and while the hotel clerk turned to look for a key Mr. John Smith, of Abington, registered in an easy, flowing hand. Then following closely in the footsteps of the minion with the buttons Mr. John Smith, of Abington, went to his room. The boy left him at the door, and went downstairs while Mr. John Smith, of Abington, threw open the door in a careless sort of way sauntered in whistling.

"Is that you, John?" asked a lady's voice from the direction of the window.

"Y-yes," faltered Mr. John Smith, of Abington, in a dubious sort of way.

"What made you so late?"

"Well, er-er-er, I didn't know any one was waiting for me," said Mr. John Smith, of Abington.

"Didn't you, indeed?" and a woman turned quickly and remarked. "Wow!" in a prolonged tone of voice; "get out of here."

Mr. John Smith, of Abington, got out hurriedly. He went to the hotel office, as if chased by a mad dog.

"Look here," he panted, "there's something wrong here."

"What's the matter?" asked the placid clerk. "Your wife sent down word to tell you to come up immediately when you came."

"My which sent down word?" asked Mr. John Smith, of Abington.

"Your wife."

"Now, look here, my good man, you are crazy or I am, or both of us are. I have no wife."

Then the clerk looked astonished.

"Isn't the lady your wife?" he gasped. "Say—what—why—which—where—— Great Scott!"

Just at this point another gentleman approached the desk.

"Any mail for Mr. John Smith?" he asked, calmly. The hotel clerk looked, Mr. John Smith, of Abington, looked, and a great light dawned on them both. It took two John Smiths some hours to settle the matter to their mutual satisfaction.

A Letter from Ireland.

(By Eugene O'Brien, Chicago, Ill.)

Ireland Dec 21 92

Me Dear Nepphy

Oi write to tell yez av the death av yer uncle which av coorse yez have herd.

Dooring the last moments av his sickness he was on-conscious an quiet all the toime joompin' around an cryin' "Wather." Oi suppose yez know that you an yer cousins who are all dead, are the only livin relashuns oof yer poor uncle Oi suppose ye know that yez own the property av yer uncle which belongs to other gentlemn on account av his dets. Shure he lost playin' the races but the horses were to fast for him. The docthor ses he doid av a tumor but its the thought av mesilf an manybors that he doid fur want av breath. Th money in this letther aint there for Oi gave it to Mickey Grogan. Oi didn't hav anything to wroite about so Oi thought Oi wud send yez the noos an Oi soign

Wit due respect to Mesilf

Bridget O'Harrity

P. S.—Its the wish av yer uncle that yez should not open this letther until afther yez had read it.

My Son John.

(By D. E. Lynch, St. Louis, Mo.)

Talk about boys! I've got one, and for downright stupidity he certainly is beyond anything I ever saw in all my life. The word stupid is not strong enough. It does not half express it. He does some of the most out-

landish things I ever heard of. Now, for an example: My wife sent him to the butcher's one day last week to see if he had pigs' feet. He came back and told his mother he couldn't tell as the butcher had his shoes on. Stupid and lazy! Well, the fact is he was born tired. Why, when we want to get him up early in the morning we have to wake him up two hours before he goes to bed.

Oh, he's a great boy, and to add to his other accomplishments he's the worst coward of his size I ever saw. He is frightened to death at thunder and lightning. Last night he was upstairs in his bed, his mother was in the parlor, and it was raining very hard with an occasional burst of thunder. Suddenly his mother heard him cry and scream at the top of his voice. She ran upstairs, frightened to death. She thought he had a fit or something. He was sitting straight up in bed a screaming that he was afraid of the lightning.

His mother said: "Don't be afraid, Johnny; remember the Lord is with you; nothing can hurt you."

"Is he in the room now?" he asked.

"Yes," his mother said. "He's always with you."

She went downstairs after reassuring him, but she had hardly reached the foot of the stairs when there came another terrible clap of thunder that shook the whole house. Then she heard Johnny shouting:

"Say, mother!" he said; "you come upstairs and stay with the Lord and I'll go down in the parlor!"

Ancient History Told in a Modern Way.

(By Edward W. Everson, Providence, R. I.)

One day when Cæsar was leaning up against a wooden Indian in front of Brutus' cigar store, half way between the Forum and the Republican Central Committee Headquarters, he was accosted by a bunco steerer with a green grip and the finest set of lilacs that ever split the breeze.

"Hello," said the bunco steerer; "haven't I seen you before?"

"I don't think you have, Jo Jo," said Cæsar, who was dead on. "I never was in the penitentiary myself, and if I ever saw you outside of the bastille it's a mighty good thing for you I wasn't a policeman. How much will you take for a slip from that foliage plant on your face to seed my lawn with?"

Cæsar was one of the greatest joshers in Rome at the time, and it did tickle him to guy the Rube, although he saved his graft all the while.

The bunco man pretended not to notice that he was a joshmark, and dropped his grip on the sidewalk.

"Ain't you Polonius Applesedus, from over at Pompey's Crossing?" he asked. He didn't know Cæsar from a fever blister, but he thought he might make the graft stick.

Cæsar enjoyed the whole thing more than a Judy show. "Not on your little red shawl," he said. "I am the iceman. You're on the wrong side track, uncle. You'd better consult an oculist. Here's an egg that some chicken laid in your hair," he said, handing the bunco man an egg that he carried around to use in sleight of hand tricks that he frequently did for the boys.

The bunco man saw that he had struck a dead-game

sport, and passed on. Cæsar went inside the cigar store. "See me jolly the Rube?" he said, dropping a nickel in the slot and winning a handful of perfectos.

Brutus laughed fit to kill and put another handful of stogies into the perfecto box.

"While you were jollying the easy mark," he said, "he touched you for your watch."

Cæsar looked down and saw that it was so.

He looked sick after that for a time.

Dictating an Item.

(By Emil Jurgemeyer, Iowa.)

Mr. Tucker came into the editorial room of a local paper, and sliding up to the reporter's table, took a seat. Moving up close to the reporter, he said:

"Just take it down now, and I'll give you a good item. Ready?"

"Yes; go ahead!"

"Well, this morning, Mrs. Tucker—my wife, you know—and her daughter Bessie were driving out with the bay mare named Kitty, along the river road, to see her aunt."

"Whose aunt?"

"Mrs. Tucker's aunt. To see her aunt. Bessie was driving the mare, and a little after they had passed Stapleton place she threw one of her shoes."

"Bessie did?"

"No, Kitty, the mare. And Bessie said to her mother that she thought she was behaving queerly."

"Mrs. Tucker was?"

"The mare, and she felt so worried that she had half a notion to turn back."

"Are you speaking of the mare—or of Bessie?"

"I mean Bessie, of course. But she kept on limping and going kinder uneven until they were down by the gas works when she laid back her ears and——"

"You don't mean Bessie's ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Go on, then. Mrs. Tucker laid back her ears."

"The mare's ears. And just as they got on the bridge over the creek the mare gave a tilt to one side, and as Mrs. Tucker screamed she let drive with both of her hind legs against the carriage."

"Are you referring to Mrs. Tucker or to the——"

"Kitty, the mare—and snapped both shafts off short. The next moment, before Mrs. Tucker or Bessie could save themselves, she went over the side, turning a complete somersault."

"You are now speaking of the mare?"

"Yes, the mare turned a complete somersault into the water. One of the traces remained unbroken, and as Kitty went over she dragged the carriage after her, and Mrs. Tucker and Bessie went floundering into the creek. The mare at once struck out for shore, and Bessie, fortunately, had presence of mind enough to grasp her by the tail. She had the blind staggers, but it passed off."

"Not Bessie?"

"No—the mare; and as soon as she was being towed past Mrs. Tucker, she caught hold of her dress——"

"The mare's dress?"

"Bessie's dress, and it seemed for a minute the mare would bring them safely to land. But Mrs. Tucker's hold on the mare's tail loosened somewhat, and——"

"You said Bessie had hold of the mare's tail."
 "Did I? Well, so it was; and Mrs. Tucker had hold of her dress."
 "Whose dress?"
 "Didn't I say Bessie's dress? Well, then, somehow, Mrs. Tucker's hold loosened and——"
 "Her hold of what?"
 "Her hold of the mare—no, I must be mistaken. Bessie had hold of the mare's tail while the mare had hold of Mrs. Tucker's dr—— That is, Mrs. Tucker had hold of—— Well, anyhow, she let go——"
 "Mrs. Tucker let go?"
 "Oh, I dunno; whoever had hold of the mare let go and she went to the bottom like a stone."
 "If I follow your meaning it was the mare that went to the bottom."
 "My goodness, man! Can't you understand? It wasn't the mare. The mare swam ashore."
 "What did you say she went to the bottom for then?"
 "I didn't. It was Bessie."
 "You never said a word about Bessie."
 "You know what I meant. Bessie went to the bottom."
 "And Mrs. Tucker swam ashore?"
 "No, she didn't."
 "Very well, then. Mrs. Tucker went to the bottom, too?"
 "No, she didn't, either."
 "Mrs. Tucker flew up in the air, then?"
 "You think you're smart, don't you?"
 "Well, go on and tell your story; we'll discuss that afterward. What did Bessie say when she got to the bottom?"
 "I've a good mind to wallop you."
 "What did she say that for?"
 "You mud-headed idiot," said Mr. Tucker, "give me any more of your insolence and I'll flay you alive. I was going to give you a good item about the mare, and what Mrs. Tucker said about her turning somersaults all the way home, but now I'll see you hanged first."
 The reporter got behind the desk, lifted up a chair to ward off a missile, and then said, calmly:
 "What was Mrs. Tucker's object in turning somersaults all the way home?"

Slightly Misunderstood.

(By Henry M. Cohen, New York.)

A certain man is growing more and more deaf, and greatly disliked to admit it. He makes a brave pretense of understanding what is said to him and thus frequently brings about amusing mistakes. Not long ago a neighbor met him and said:

"Perhaps you haven't heard about the visitor that arrived at our house yesterday—a fine baby—a perfect cherub."

The deaf man smiled pleasantly and replied: "Oh, we have lots of them at our house. My wife gets them by the bushel. Stews 'em, you know, and puts them up. She put up more than forty jars this summer. Yes, indeed."

"Why," said the bewildered neighbor, "what do you think I said?"

"Yes, she likes the red kind best," continued the afflicted citizen. "Says they ain't so tough. Is yours the black kind?"

"Sir!" cried the indignant neighbor. "What are you talking about?"

"Why, cherries, of course," he pleasantly remarked. "That's what you're talking about, isn't it?"

But the neighbor walked away without explaining.

A Strange Company.

(By Earl Moody, Ky.)

Once on a time a man went into the woods to cut wood. He dug up a tree and in its roots found a golden goose. He took it in his arms and started for the village.

On the way there a hawk swooped at the goose. When its bill touched the goose it stuck to it. An eagle saw the hawk and swooped and caught it and stuck also. Next a fox, seeing the eagle helpless caught its leg. A lion caught the fox. Thus they went to town.

In the town, he heard of a king who had a daughter who was beautiful, but never laughed. The king had offered her in marriage to any one who could make her laugh. The man went to the place and was admitted. When the princess saw him she burst out laughing.

They were married and lived a long time in happiness.

An Adventure.

(By Rory McBartlett, St. Louis, Mo.)

One time a few other boys and I went on a fishing trip to a pond about two miles away from my grandfather's house in St. Charles County, Missouri, and we had trouble right from the start. First of all, I couldn't find my fishing pole, and after that I couldn't find my reel, and then my hooks and lines and lunch and coat and hat were all in different places. Mamma says I never know where anything is.

When we got in our boat after arriving at the pond we pulled and pulled at the oars until we were nearly dead, but could not move the boat a foot. Finally after about an hour of useless effort, we discovered that some mean man had tied a rope to a ring on the bottom of the boat and fastened the other end of the rope to a stake driven in the bottom of the pond under water, so that even grown people couldn't have guessed what on earth was the matter. The result was we didn't catch any fish and were all tired, mad and sunburned for nothing. If we ever find out who tied that boat we won't do a thing to him.

A Bunch of Fun.

(By Jerry Williams, Beaumont, Tex.)

"Stop that car," called the pretty city girl to the long, lank, country fellow who was taking in the town for his first time. He rushed in front of the moving electric car and tried it. His remains were shipped home the next day.

"Oh, mamma! come here quick! God has blowed out the moon!" exclaimed little Ethel on seeing for her first time a total eclipse of our sister planet.

Stamp and Coin Department.

Stamp and Coin Collectors will find here every week a special article either upon stamps or coins. We also give an opportunity to our readers to make exchanges of coins, as well as stamps, through this department free of cost, and we will answer, in a special column, any questions our readers may care to ask concerning these subjects.

United States Copper Coins.

Some rare varieties of coins, specimens of which are now sold at big premiums.

Two Cents.—This coin first appeared in 1864, and was discontinued in 1873. The alloy was the same as the cent of the same period, and its weight 96 grains. "2 Cents," in two lines, is enclosed by two half wreaths of wheat, tied at the lower end. Legend: "United States of America"; reverse similar in design to the nickel Five Cent pieces, only the legend is in a scroll, and the crossed arrows, upon which the shield rests, seems to support its center instead of its base. The Two Cent piece of 1872 is scarce; that of 1873, being only in proof sets, is very scarce.

One Cent.—There are four pattern cents bearing the date 1792, whether made in or designed to be used by the U. S. Mint is uncertain. They are all extremely rare. The largest, which exceeds the half dollar in size, has on the obverse a head of Liberty with flowing hair, which partly covers the bust on both sides, and faces toward the observer's right; the date in large figures is immediately beneath the bust, and the legend is "Liberty Parent of Science and Industry." On the shoulder of the bust is the name of Birch; on the reverse, in the center, are the words "One Cent," surrounded by a circle; this is surrounded by a wreath, and it again by the legend "United States of America."

The second in size is a trifle less in diameter than the half dollar. Obverse: A naked bust of Liberty, facing right, with the hair confined by a band and knot, beneath it "1792," above it "Liberty." Reverse: An eagle his wings raised, standing on a section of a globe, facing right; legend, "United States of America." Only two of these are now known, one of them being in the Mint Cabinet.

The small pattern cents are about the diameter of the present quarter dollars, the only difference between them is that one of them has a plug of silver in the center. They are both from the same dies. Obverse: Head of Liberty with flowing hair, looking toward the right; date, 1792 under the bust. Legend "Liberty Parent of Science and Industry"; reverse, "One Cent" in a wreath, and legend "United States of America"; at the base, 1-100.

But it was not until the succeeding year, 1793, that the operations of the mint were productive of much relief to the community in the matter of a circulating medium. Only the copper pieces were made this year. Of the cent there were three distinct styles and several varieties of dies of both obverse and reverse.

A Warning to Collectors.

One of the latest kinds of counterfeiting is the imitation of old coins for sale to the numismatists. One of the most ingenious modes of deception in this class of work is the changing of the dates of some common issue of a certain coin to the date of a year whose issue is scarce and consequently high.

The old Liberty dollar of 1804 is very scarce. It is said that there are only seven genuine coins of this issue in this country. The coin is rated in numismatic catalogues at a value of \$1,200 and upward. The counterfeiters have been quite successful in changing 1801 issues to that of 1804. This is not counterfeiting in the strict legal sense of the word, and the Treasury officials would not be able to punish any one for this class of offense. But they have exercised their power to put a stop to such work wherever they have found it going on.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Old Coin.—L., Albion, Mich.—A 1-cent coin of date 1829 is worth from 25 to 50 cents, if unused or not circulated. Otherwise, worth 1 cent.

C. W., Cal.—Your rubbing is taken from a Hungarian 15 kreutzer silver piece of 1745, under Marie Theresa, 1740-80. The letters, K. B., are the mint mark initials of Kremnitz, where the coin was struck. The coin sells for fifty cents.

Edward Wilson, Ill.—The coin you mention is not particularly rare, although the same coin of the preceding year is worth \$10. Perhaps the J. W. Scott Co., Ltd., of 40 John street, New York City, would be willing, however, to offer you a premium.

F. J.—There is no premium on the silver dollars of 1895 unless it be those struck at the Philadelphia mint, where only 13,000 were struck. Those of the San Francisco and New Orleans mints are common, where 450,000 and 400,000 were struck respectively.

G. L. sends rubbings: 1. War token, "Millions for contractors"—"Not one cent for the widows," 1863. This is satirical, and is one of the hundreds of war tokens that passed by sufferance during the scarcity of small change at this period. 2. A common 2 real Spanish piece struck by Spain in her mint at Mexico in 1785, under Charles II. (1760-89.)

NICK CARTER WEEKLY.

(LARGE SIZE.)

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- 237—Nick Carter in a Fog; or, The Strange Flight of a Bridegroom.
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- 239—The Rolling Mill Tragedy; or, Nick Carter's Hunt to Death.
- 240—Nick Carter's Queer Burglary Case; or, a Thief Robs a Thief.
- 241—Nick Carter Downs a Doctor and Destroys a Prescription.
- 242—Nick Carter Accused of Murder; or, Identified by a Nose.
- 243—Nick Carter's Water Trail; or, The Strange Hiding-Place of a Millionaire.
- 244—Nick Carter's Dynamite Fiend; or, The Unraveling of False Clews.
- 245—Nick Carter's Child Rescue; or, The Defeat of a Desperate Villain.
- 246—Nick Carter on the Racecourse; or, Crooked Work in the Paddock.
- 247—Nick Carter's Black Clew; or, Heard in the Dark.
- 248—Nick Carter's Strange Vacation; or, The Town That Was Hoodooed.
- 249—Nick Carter Investigating a Leak; or, One Page Missing.
- 250—Nick Carter's Double Clew; or, The Fatal Resemblance.
- 251—Nick Carter and "The Brown Robin"; or, The Unknown Letter Writer.
- 252—Nick Carter Tracking a Traitor; or, Night Work in a Country Town.
- 253—Nick Carter's Tunnel Mystery; or, Lost: \$200,000 in Gold.
- 254—Nick Carter's Queer Murder Case; or, Under a Terrible Suspicion.
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- 256—Nick Carter and Arizona Jake; or, The Big Westerner's Part in the Cooper Suicide.
- 257—Nick Carter in the Council of the Reds; or, The Plot of the Anarchists.
- 258—Nick Carter and the Secret of the Tin Box; or, The Man Who Stole His Name.
- 259—Nick Carter's Fire Trail; or, Thwarting a Villain's Plot.
- 260—Nick Carter on the Track of the Freight Thieves; or, The Boldest Gang in New York.
- 261—Nick Carter on the Track of a Gentleman Burglar; or, Robbing a Thief.
- 262—Nick Carter Attacked; or, The Desperate Plot on the Detective's Life.
- 263—Nick Carter on the Trail of the River Pirates; or, The Dangerous Work on the River Front.
- 264—Nick Carter and the King of the Tramp Thieves; or, Patsy's Lone Hand Against the Hoboes.
- 265—Nick Carter and the Man in the Cask; or, Patsy's Terrible Predicament.
- 266—Nick Carter and the Shoplifters; or, The Automobile Clew.
- 267—Nick Carter's Ocean Chase; or, The Missing Crown Diamond.
- 268—Nick Carter and the Broken Dagger; or, The Black Man from Borneo.

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